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COMRADES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER, IN 'HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Here in our picture. Jocko and I
  Stood without winking or blinking,
Just like two statues under the sky.
  I don't know of what Jocko was thinking
But I must confess that I felt quite fine
  That we could be taken together;
I'm Jocko's comrade, and he is mine,
  And we face all sorts of weather.

Never mind me, fellows; I'm a boy;
  But look at my dog, and tell me
If you don't envy me some of the joy
  That one day of days befell me,
When Jocko came straight to my hand held out,
  And into it, most sedately:
Dropped that great muzzle; no growl or pout,
  But free as a king, and stately!

Talk of your pets! He's more than a pet!
  He's a comrade, true as a brother!
With a big brave soul, that's too proud to fret,
  That wouldn't change me for another
Jolly? Of course, for the road we take,
  The rough or the smooth, glad-hearted!
See, what a beautiful picture we make,
  We too who refuse to be parted.

BOB'S TEMPTATION.

GRACE ODEN ROOT.

'Fifteen minutes past eight; isn't breakfast about ready, May?'

'Yes, Bob, just ready; you'll pardon my being late this time, I'm sure. The meeting was so good and so long last night Ed and Mark Hendrix were converted, and were so happy. They are friends of yours, aren't they? Guy Miller and Ray Potter and all those boys are so active, it almost makes me jealous!'

'Oh, bother, May, I'm not a hypocrite, anyway!

'No, you're certainly not a hypocrite.'

Bob strove to appear very indifferent as his sister refilled his cup with coffee and placed the smoking cakes close by his plate. If May would only scold, so that he could 'return fire,' what a relief it would be, but she said never a word, and Tom buttered and ate his cakes in silence.

A few weeks previous, when May's mother was called to the bedside of a sister in the far west, Bob had been intrusted to her. Though only a few years her junior, May felt a great responsibility resting upon her. To her loving sister heart, Bob lacked but one thing. Two, three, four weeks, showers of blessings had fallen upon the people of B——, yet amidst it all Bob seemed untouched, almost farther away than ever. Dear, kind, careless brother, why wouldn't he listen to the 'still small voice?'

No wonder they sat silently and seriously about the breakfast table that morning.

'A letter for Bob,' and Jane placed it by his plate, blushing and bowing, as she always did when treated to Bob's genial smile and 'Thank you.'

'From mother, sure,' but before he could open it, May excused herself and Tom so abruptly that Bob, who was always on the look out for 'traps,' felt certain that May must know what that letter contained, else she would have stayed to hear it. 'Yes,' as he turned the sheet, 'she's had a hand in it, and a heart, too, written mother, and mother written me—quite naturally—and what is a fellow to do?'

That evening Bob recieved his usual invitation to the service, and as usual declined; annoyed that she urged him no longer, he challenged her to an argument by saying:

'I'm a sight better than those boys you hold up as patterns, May. I have self-respect enough not to be a hypocrite!'

'I neither ask, nor want you to be a hypocrite, Bob, be a Christian.'

'Now, May, only this morning you said you were jealous that your brother was not among those fine fellows who are so active at the meetings. Didn't you say it, May? Miss Pringle's brother is one of them, and Guy Miller, and Ray Potter, and Lyman Murdock; and I say, May, I wouldn't do things they do every summer, and then in the mid-winter revival they are held up as patterns for us. Bah! I have no use for such Christians. I went with you the other night, resolved to make a start, or at least ask an interest in prayers, but when I thought of those boys my heart just froze up, and I couldn't move a muscle. I would be ashamed to start and run the good race just as long as the meetings run, and no longer, as they do. When I am a Christian I shall be one through and through.

'I am with those boys every day, and not one of them has offered me his Saviour, or even owned that he has one. If they believe what they profess, why don't they hustle around and help us fellows? I tell you, May, I won't be a hypocrite!'

Hypocrite! Heaven forbid.

Deeply grieved by Bob's statement, and forced to admit that much of it might be true, she slowly answered:

'"Who art thou who judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand." Does your heart freeze up when that dear Mrs. Fairfield prays? or that young lawyer? or Mayble Guy? There are scores who are loyal and strong. Be fair, Bob. These boys you call hypocrites doubtless have good intentions but try to overcome temptation in their own strength, instead of following Christ's command, 'Watch and pray,' so of course they fall before it. Satan is vigilant and strong, stronger than all save One, and He it is who has said, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.'

'Show the boys how loyal and steadfast a Christian ought to be. They respect you, and you are responsible for your influence over them for good or evil. Even now some may be waiting for you to lead them, and—'

'Oh, May, don't, please! come,' and pressing a kiss upon her glowing cheek, Bob with his sister went to the meeting, and came home, not a hypocrite, but a Christian.

* * * * *

Mid-summer found Bob still following his Saviour, surrounded by his devoted co-workers, Guy Miller, Ray Potter, and Lyman Murdock, while Miss Pringle's brother is far over the sea, holding up Jesus there. 'Hustlers' the gruff old janitor of a down-town block calls them, yet seems to be at a great loss to know why they hire that little room away up in the top story, and what great treasure it

COMRADES.

ADAMS' CANADIAN GUM

can contain, that they always leave it looking so happy and so contented.

Could the four little walls but have told him, as he swept and searched for the hidden treasure, of the glorious meetings they hold there, of how reverently they call it their 'upper room,' of the wonderful prayers and testimonies, of the terrible struggle to overcome temptation, of the promises claimed and fulfilled, of how with one accord they exclaim: 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?' I fancy he would have forgotten both treasure and sweeping, listening to the wondering story of treasures incorruptible. —*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

WORTH REMEMBERING.

Everything we add to our knowledge adds to our means of usefulness. It is a curious and amusing fact that an industrious and deserving boy got an excellent position by being able to mark boxes rapidly and in artistic fashion. Passing along the streets of a city, he halted a moment to watch a man who was making extremely awkward lettering on a packing box. A moment later, and one of the drivers, in assisting to load the box, crushed the marker's hand. Another man tried to address the parcel, but made wretched work of it. The boy stepped forward and offered to help them out. The proprietor of the establishment was standing by the window watching the loading. With the practised hand of an expert the boy put on the addresses, doing three boxes in the time usually occupied by the regular man for one. When he had finished, he carefully gathered all the articles he had been using, put them in order, and placed them out of harm's way, near the door of the warehouse. He was about to pass on when the man who had been watching him sent for him and, upon learning that he was out of a job, employed him to do the marking. With the same faculty the boy watched for opportunities to make himself useful, and is now the junior partner in a flourishing business. Some day he will be one of the leading men in his line. His house is a model of neatness, order and thoroughness. He is ever on the alert for young men who are good to fill spaces, and when one of this class gets into his establishment it is his own fault if he does not steadily advance. This man says he can afford to pay much larger salaries to men of this sort than to those he calls tramway men—people who can only run on a special line, and who are as helpless as a street-car in the mud whenever any thing unusual comes along. Out of a very large force of employees but a few are kept who are merely routine men. It is worth while for boys to study all branches of the business in which they see fit to engage. If a young man can mark a box as well as he can handle a difficult customer, if he can make out a bill of lading and engineer a case through the custom-house as well as he can keep his stock in order, and he is worth just so many more dollars, it is only a question of time when he will be able to command them.—*American Paper.*

A CHINAMAN'S LOST FACE.

In the course of a letter from one of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission is the following incident: 'The worst man I have had to deal with since I came to China is a man named Jan. He was a hardened reprobate. He was one of the rebel army at the great rebellion. He had been a slave dealer of the lowest type, dealing in women and children only. He had been a coiner, and coiners in China are just as bad as coiners in other countries, and finally he became a professional gambler, spending his whole time in a gambling hell. When anyone wanted an extra steep game they sent for Mr. Jan. Owing to some rumors which he had heard, he came to see me, and said, "I have heard strange stories about you, and so have come up to see you." He wished to know why we came to his country. There was not much prospect of getting rich, especially for foreigners. I told him we did not come to get money. Then what did we want? Just to tell him and others of Jesus, who saves from sin. He had heard of three million gods, and had himself a good number, one for every room in the house and one for the outside, and one for himself, besides an ancestral tablet; but such a God as this, he had never heard of. One who would save from sin: what a strange God! He came back to the next meeting, and asked me a peculiar question, "Would this strange God have anything to do with a man without a face?" That means a man without character whom no one would believe or trust. Yes, for Jesus said himself that he came to save the lost sinners. That was all, but he went to his own house, took his god and put it in the fire; then seizing the other idols, served them in the same way, and finally, to the horror of his sons and relations, took his ancestral tablet and broke it in pieces. This act showed a wonderful strength of character, as the ancestral tablets are held especially sacred. I never, even in a Christian land, found a man who so thoroughly realized and appreciated that characteristic of our Lord, the desire for the salvation of the most degraded.

THE TEACHER'S MEETING.

It is useful to read the lesson text in the meeting, provided the reading is made to teach something. The manner should be varied. Let the leader request the teachers to take up the reading whenever he stops, and let him stop at eccentric places, to hold attention. Let the teachers read each verse in the King James' Version, the leader responding with the Revision In a passage where description or narrative alternates with speeches, let the leader read the speeches only, the audience inserting the narrative. Divide the lesson into sections that will analyze the thought or the story, and read these sections alternately, the leader prefacing each with a suggestive title. Divide the teachers into two portions,—right and left, front and back,—and let them read antiphonally. Let the leader read the entire lesson, injecting crisp comments carefully prepared beforehand, these comments being all in one line,—exegetical, historical, explanatory of customs or of phrases Let the leader prepare a set of questions, one to be answered by each verse, and to serve as an introduction to it as the teachers read

The work of one sort of teachers' meeting will be cut out for it at the outset, if the leader knows his business. Announce your programme if you want help in carrying it out. What wonder the meeting runs off the leader's track, when the track is invisible to all but the leader! 'First,' says the experienced teacher, 'we'll form a scheme for our guidance in study; second, we'll go over the story of the lesson in a preliminary survey; third, we'll take up the words, phrases, customs, and circumstances that need explanation; fourth, we'll discuss the best way of teaching the lesson to the younger scholars; finally, we'll bring out points for the older members of the school.'

Many meetings fray out at the end. Nothing is finished, or, at best, there are only a few hasty answers to the stereotyped question, 'Now what do you consider the chief teachings of this lesson?' If it has not been made evident, before the meeting was half through, what are the chief teachings of that lesson, it surely will not be made evident by this hurried question, whose answers are punctuated by the donning of overcoats If the leader began with a good outline, now is the time to clinch the discussions of the evening by repeating the outline, enlarged and modified as those discussions may have required. Then let the evening be closed reverently, with a few words of earnest prayer

As to the general conduct of the meeting, probably the matter most necessary to be urged is the use of direct, brisk, suggestive questions, addressed not to empty space, but to particular teachers. A question spread over a room ful is about as efficient as a bullet would be if fired flat enough to cover ten men. Don't be afraid to use proper names. Questions addressed to a crowd put a premium on forwardness. Call no one by name who is really too bashful to reply; but teachers ought to pass by that stage of timidity.

A second common mistake is to run the teachers' meeting on the low plane of mere facts, history, biography, when it should be all aglow with the spiritual life. If the teachers' meeting does not touch the teachers' consciences, hardly will those teachers touch the consciences of their scholars. Let the teacher ask at every turn this question in effect: 'What need of your scholars' lives will this truth fit?' And he should not rest satisfied until the truth is applied in turn to the diverse needs of three classes,—the little folks, the young folks, and the old folks.

The leader must put himself in the place of all kinds of teachers, and discern their needs. He must head off unseemly and prolonged discussions; he must have sprightliness to keep the meeting taut; he must have zeal to keep the meeting warm; he must have consecration to keep the meeting spiritual.

But the best of leaders may be thwarted by poor following. To be led in a teachers' meeting is an art almost as difficult as to lead. A skilful follower in a teachers' meeting will answer questions briefly. He will not commit the impertinence of giving ten times as much as is asked for from him, thus stealing from the meeting the sprightliness of nine questions and answers, even when all he says is to the point. He will make suggestive answers rather than exhaustive ones. His eager note-book and intelligent listening will be as encouraging as a continuous round of applause. In short, he will be anxious to do anything for the success of the meeting, even to the extent of sitting silent for fifteen minutes. And all leaders will bless him.—*Amos R. Wells, in S. S. Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

THIRD QUARTER.

(Lessons from the Life of Our Lord.)

LESSON I.—JULY 1, 1894.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.—Luke 2:1-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 10-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'—Luke 2:11.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 1:1-17.—The Forerunner Announced.
T. Luke 1:46-56.—The Song of Mary.
W. Luke 1:67-80.—The Song of Zacharias.
Th. Luke 2:1-16.—The Birth of Jesus.
F. Mic. 5:1-7.—Out of Bethlehem.
S. Gal. 4:1-15.—The Fulness of Time.
S. Rom. 1:1-17.—The Gospel of the Power of God.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Birth of the Child. vs. 1-7.
II. The Vision of the Angels. vs. 8-14.
III. The Faith of the Shepherds. vs. 15, 16.

TIME.—B. C. 5: Augustus Cæsar emperor of Rome; Herod the Great king of Judea.

PLACE.—Bethlehem of Judea, six miles south of Jerusalem; now a thriving town with about five thousand inhabitants. Its modern name is Beit-Lahm.

OPENING WORDS.

Prophecy had declared that Christ would be born at Bethlehem. Joseph and Mary were living at Nazareth in Galilee, but a decree of enrollment was issued by Cæsar Augustus, the Roman emperor, which required them to go to Bethlehem to be enrolled. There Jesus was born and laid in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *In those days*—about the time of the events told in the first chapter. *All the world*—all the Roman world. *Taxed*—Revised Version, 'enrolled.' 2. Revised Version, 'This was the first enrollment made when Quirinius was governor of Syria.' 3. *His own city*—the city of his own family or tribe. 8. *The same country*—near Bethlehem. 9. *The glory of the Lord*—a bright light, the token of God's presence. 10. *To all people*—to Israel and to all the world. 11. *Unto you*—unto you shepherds, Israel, all. *The city of David*—Bethlehem, where David was born. *A Saviour*—see Matt. 1:21. *Christ*—the Christ, the Messiah, the Anointed One. *The Lord*—Jehovah. 12. *Swaddling clothes*—bandages which were tightly wrapped around a new-born child. 14. *On earth peace, good will toward men*—Revised Version, 'peace among men in whom he is well pleased.' Isa. 9:6.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was the author of this Gospel? What do you know of his life? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE BIRTH OF THE CHILD. vs. 1-7.—What decree did the Roman emperor issue? When was this taxing made? Where did Joseph and Mary live? Why did they go to Bethlehem? What took place while they were there? Where was the child laid? Why? What had been prophesied about his birth? How did Christ, the Son of God, become man?

II. THE VISION OF THE ANGELS. vs. 8-14.—Who were in the fields near Bethlehem? Who appeared to them? How were they affected? What did the angel say to them? By what sign were the shepherds to know the infant Saviour? Who appeared with the angel? What were they doing? What was their song?

III. THE FAITH OF THE SHEPHERDS. vs. 15, 16.—What did the shepherds resolve to do? Where did they go? When is the best time to seek Jesus? What did the shepherds find? What did they then do? v. 17? How was their report received? v. 18. What is said of Mary? v. 19. How did the shepherds show their faith?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Christ was born a Saviour for you, for me, for all.
2. His birth brings glory to God, joy to angels and salvation to men.
3. As soon as we hear of this Saviour we should hasten to find him.
4. When we have found him we should tell of his love to others.
5. 'Christ the Lord' is divine as well as human, God as well as man.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What news did an angel bring to the shepherds of Bethlehem? Ans. Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
2. Who suddenly appeared with the angel? Ans. A great multitude of the heavenly host, praising God.
3. What was the song of the angels? Ans. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.
4. What did the shepherds do? Ans. They hastened to Bethlehem, and found the babe lying in a manger.
5. How was the report of the shepherds received by those who heard it? Ans. They wondered at the things which were told them by the shepherds.

LESSON II.—JULY 8, 1894.

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

Luke 2:25-38.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 27-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.'—Luke 2:32.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 2:25-38.—Presentation in the Temple.
T. Isa. 42:1-16.—A Light of the Gentiles.
W. Isa. 60:1-14.—The Glory of the Lord.
Th. Isa. 8:11-18.—A Stone of Stumbling.
F. 1 Peter 2:1-14.—A Rock of Offence.
S. Rom. 15:1-15.—A Root of Jesse.
S. Psalm 111:1-10.—A Psalm of Praise.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Joy of Simeon. vs. 25-32.
II. The Wonder of Joseph and Mary. vs. 33-35.
III. The Prophecy of Anna. vs. 36-38.

TIME.—B. C. 4, forty days after the birth of Jesus; Augustus Cæsar emperor of Rome; Herod the Great king of Judea.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the temple.

OPENING WORDS.

Eight days after the birth of the Saviour he was circumcised according to the Jewish law, and by divine command received the name of Jesus. On the fortieth day after his birth he was taken to Jerusalem and presented to God in the temple, and Mary made the required offering, which, as she was poor, consisted only of a pair of turtle doves. Lev. 12:2, 6, 8. While they were in the temple the events of this lesson took place.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

25. *The consolation of Israel*—the Saviour who was to comfort them. Isa. 40:1-2. 26. *The Lord's Christ*—the Anointed of the Lord. 27. *By the Spirit*—by his guidance. *The custom of the law*—see Num. 18:15, 16. 29. *According to thy word*—see v. 26. 30. *Thy salvation*—thy Saviour. 31. *All people*—both Jews and Gentiles. 32. *A light*—see Isa. 25:7; 42:6; 49:6; John 1:4, 9; Acts 13:47; 28:28. 34. *The fall and rising*—some fall through unbelief, others are raised up through faith. Or it may be one class only; those cast down by a sense of sin, and then raised up by faith in this Saviour. *Spoken against*—this prophecy was fulfilled during his entire life, and in every age since he has been despised and rejected. 35. *A sword shall pierce*—his sufferings and death shall deeply afflict thy soul. *May be revealed*—Mal. 3:1 Pet. 2:7, 8; Heb. 4:12. 37. *Departed not*—was uniform in her daily attendance upon the temple service.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What name was given to the infant Saviour? When and why was he presented in the temple? Title? Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE JOY OF SIMEON. vs. 25-32.—Who was Simeon? For what was he waiting? What had been revealed to him? Under whose influence did Simeon come into the temple? Who brought the child Jesus? For what purpose? What did Simeon do? How did he express his joy? What made him so joyful? For whom was this salvation prepared? What was this salvation to be to the Gentiles? How? What to Israel.

II. THE WONDER OF JOSEPH AND MARY. vs. 33-35.—What did Joseph and Mary think of these things? What did Simeon say of the child to Mary? Meaning of this? What did he say to her of her own sufferings? How did this come to pass? What was this treatment of Christ to do? How does our treatment of Christ reveal our hearts? What is said in 1 Cor. 1:22, 24.

III. THE PROPHECY OF ANNA. vs. 36-38.—Who came in at that instant? What was her religious character and practice? What did she do? For what did she give thanks? Of whom did she speak? To whom? Who were looking for redemption?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God never disappoints those who trust in him.
2. Jesus is the Light of the world, the Glory and Consolation of his people.
3. We should receive him with joy and love.
4. Those who reject him fall into ruin.
5. Those who receive him are raised up to eternal life.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Simeon? Ans. A just and devout man to whom it was revealed that he should not die before he had seen the Lord's Christ.
2. What did Simeon do when he saw the infant Saviour? Ans. He took him up in his arms and blessed God.
3. How did he express his joy? Ans. He said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.
4. What did he say to Mary? Ans. Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel.
5. What other aged saint rejoiced when she saw the infant Saviour? Ans. Anna, a prophetess, which served God with fasting and prayers night and day.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

Never wash a bread-board in an iron sink. The iron will leave a black mark on the board, which it is difficult to remove. Wash the board on the table where you have used it; use cold water, and scrub occasionally with sand-soap. In scraping dough from the board, scrape with the grain of the wood, and hold the knife in a slanting direction, to prevent roughening the surface of the board. Wash, and wipe dry, and never let dough accumulate in the cracks. Have one board for bread and pastry, and keep it smooth. Use a smaller board for rolling crumbs and pounding and cleaning meat and fish.

A Dover egg-beater should never be left to soak in water, as the oil will be washed out of the gears and the beater be hard to turn; or, if used again before it be dry, the oil and water will spatter into the beaten mixture. Use it with clean hands, and then the handle will require no washing. Wipe the wires with a damp cloth immediately after using, dry thoroughly and keep it well oiled.

All dishes should be scraped before washing. A small wooden knife is best for this purpose. Bread and cake bowls, or any dishes in which flour or eggs have been used, are more easily cleaned if placed in cold water after using, or washed immediately.

Clear up as you work; it takes but a moment then, and saves much time and fatigue afterward.

Never put pans and kettles half-filled with water on the stove to soak. It only hardens whatever may have adhered to the kettle, and makes it much more difficult to clean. Keep them full of cold water, and soak them away from the heat.

Kitchen knives and forks should never be placed in the dish-water. Many err in thinking it is only the handles which should not be wet. The practice of putting the blades into a pitcher of very hot water is wrong, as the sudden expansion of the steel by the heat causes the handles to crack. Keep the knives out of the water, but wash thoroughly with the dish-cloth, rub them with mineral soap or brick dust, and wipe them dry. Keep them bright, and sharpen often on a sandstone. The disadvantage and vexation of dull tools would be avoided if every woman would learn to use a whet-stone and where and when to apply a little oil.

Milk will sour quickly if put into dishes which have not been scalded. They should first be washed in clear, cold water, then in hot, soapy water, then rinsed in clear, boiling water, and wiped with a dry, fresh towel. Do not forget to scrape the seams and grooves of a double boiler.

Ironware should be washed, outside as well as inside, in hot, soapy water, rinsed in clean, hot water, and wiped dry, not with the dish-cloth, but with a dry towel. Dripping-pans, Scotch bowls and other greasy dishes should be scraped, and wiped with soft paper, which will absorb the grease. The paper will be found useful in kindling the fire, and is a great saving of water, which is sometimes an object. A tablespoon of soda added to the water will facilitate the cleaning.

Kitchen mineral soap or pumice stone may be used freely on all dishes. It will remove the stains from the white knife-handles, that brown substance that adheres to earthen or tin baking-dishes, and the soot which collects on pans and kettles used over a wood or kerosene fire. Tins should be washed in clean, hot, soapy water. Rub them frequently with mineral soap, and they may be kept as bright as when new. Sauce-pans and other tin or granite dishes browned by use may be cleaned by letting them remain half an hour in boiling soda-water, then rubbing with a wire dish-cloth or stiff brush.

Keep a granite pan near the sink to use in washing vegetables, and use the hand-basin only for its legitimate purpose. Pare vegetables into the pan, and not into the sink.

A strainer or any old quart tin pan with small holes in the bottom is a great help in keeping a sink clean. Pour the coffee and tea-grounds, the dish-water, and everything that is turned into the sink, through the strainer first, and then empty the contents of the strainer into the refuse pail.

Never use a ragged or linty dish-cloth. The lint collects round the sink-spout, and often causes a serious obstruction. A dish-mop is best for cups and cleanest dishes, but a strong linen cloth should be used for everything which requires hard rubbing. Wash the sink thoroughly, flush the drain-pipe often with hot suds or soda-water, wipe dry, and rub with a greased cloth or with kerosene. Keep it greased if you wish to prevent its rusting.—*The Household.*

INEXPENSIVE DISHES.

An edible and nourishing soup may be made with potatoes for the foundation. Boil half a dozen of these vegetables, and when they are nearly done, drain off the water and cover them with a fresh supply. Add a slice of onion, a stalk of celery, three or four peppercorns, and a bunch of parsley; boil until the potatoes are done. Strain the potatoes through a sieve while a quart of milk is heating to the boiling point. Rub a tablespoonful of flour and butter together and stir into the boiling milk, stirring constantly until it thickens, so that it will not burn; pour this over the potatoes, and mix all smooth. Season to taste, and serve immediately.

It may not be generally known that almost any kind of cooked vegetables, which may be left over, can be used in preparing vegetable fritters. Apples and fruits of various kinds have been long used thus, but vegetables can also serve satisfactorily in the same way. Celery, cucumbers, carrots and potatoes are said to be especially good for the purpose The vegetable chosen can be sliced or chopped into very fine dice, seasoned and mixed with the fritter batter. A large breakfastcupful of batter to a large teacupful of the vegetable is a good proportion. When thoroughly mixed the preparation is dropped, a tablespoonful at a time, and browned slightly. They can be served with chopped parsley sprinkled over them, if desired.

A recipe for 'Scotch broth,' which I find among my papers, may be serviceable to some housekeepers, so I transcribe it here. It may be made of either a neck of mutton or a 'resume' of beef. Three pounds of meat are put into a large pot with three quarts of water and a teacupful of pearl barley. When it comes to a boil, it is to be carefully skimmed, and salt is added to taste, then it is left to boil for an hour. Then a grated carrot, a small turnip cut into dice, two finely shredded leeks, and a very finely minced cabbage, or an equal amount of greens or 'kale' (whence the Scotch name of the broth), which have been left standing in cold water, are added to the broth, after which it should boil another hour. The meat is then lifted out, a little finely minced parsley and other seasoning, as desired, are added to the broth, which is then ready to serve. The meat is served in a separate dish garnished with some of the broth vegetables, or with whole ones cooked in the broth, and a little of the latter added as gravy. After the vegetables are added to the broth, Scotch cooks, it is said, stir it constantly with a wooden spoon or a long round stick which they call a 'spurtle.' As this stays in the broth until it is served, the lid of the pot is always tilted, not tightly closed as in making other soups.

I also add a method of making meat pie, although I think those made with alternating layers of pastry and meat and potatoes are equally good. Cold roast beef, steak, or other good meat may be cut in small, thin slices, and a layer laid in the bottom of a pie or pudding dish; over this a little flour, salt and pepper are dredged. The second layer is made of minced tomatoes and onions chopped very fine. The meat and vegetables are placed in alternate layers adding the flour and seasoning to each, until the dish is nearly filled. If any of the beef gravy is at hand, it is to be added, if not a gravy can be made by trying a little of the fat of the meat and adding to it a little water. A crust to be spread over the top, about an inch thick, is made of potatoes, well boiled and mashed, mixed with half a cupful of cream or rich milk, a little butter and salt. If the top of this crust be brushed over with egg it makes it nicer. It requires about twenty-five minutes for baking.—*Mrs. Brown, in New York Observer.*

'A SOUL ABOVE BUTTONS.'

'In the future there are two or three women who are going to rise up and call me blessed,' remarked the mother of three boys.

'Two or three special ones, do you mean?'

'Yes indeed, I mean just that. I have no ambition to be a benefactor to the general public. And I don't know, by the way, that I have any special kindly feeling to the two or three women I spoke of. It isn't for the sake of my affection toward them I'm earning their blessing now.'

'Well, how are you earning it?'

'Why, I'm training my three sons to sew on their own buttons! They are beginning to do it of their own accord. They don't follow me about the house now, with a coat in one hand and a button in the other. They go and get a needle and thread and sew the button on. They've found out it saves time and strength and words.'

'It seems cruel to make boys sew on their own buttons.'

'Cruel? It's kind! Those boys won't always have me to sew on buttons for them. They would be badly off indeed if they had to do it some time, and didn't know how. It's right they should learn to do such things for themselves. A boy should be taught to make his own bed, put away his own clothing, and sweep and dust his room occasionally, and not always expect an overworked mother or younger sister to do such work for him. I think a boy ought not to be entirely ignorant even of cooking. It might be a great advantage to him some time to be able to make a good cup of coffee, broil a chop, or cook potatoes. Some people profess to think that such knowledge comes by nature; but I believe it's oftener the case that if not learned early, it has to be bought of bitter experience, and we all know experience is a high-priced teacher to employ.'

'Then it's for the boy's own sake, after all, and for the sake of their future wives, that you let them sew on their own buttons?'

'Why, of course! But sometimes I do think how deliciously some girl will be surprised. When one of those boys finds a button off his shirt, he won't stand and declare there hasn't been one on in that place for at least six months. He will know better. He will only say, meekly: 'How careless I am! My dear, will you kindly hand me my little button-box out of the front right-hand corner of the second drawer? I must sew on this button before I can put on the garment!'—*Harper's Bazar.*

SWEEPING A ROOM.

The preparation of a room for sweeping and the arrangement of the furniture after the room has been cleaned are by far the greater part of the work, writes Maria Parloa in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* The first step is to dust all the ornaments and place them on a firm table in another room. Next, dust all the plain furniture, using a soft cloth and removing the lighter pieces from the room. Now beat and brush all the stuffed articles, using a brush to clean the tufting and creases.

When everything movable has been taken from the room and all the large pieces covered, dust the pictures with a feather duster or a cloth; then cover the pictures. Brush the ceiling and walls with a long feather duster or a soft cloth fastened on a broom. Brush all dust from the tops of the doors and windows. Have the windows open all the while. If there be portieres and window draperies that can be taken down put them on the clothesline and shake them well.

Take up all the rugs, and, if you have grass in the yard, lay them upon it, right side down, and beat well with a switch or rattan; then shake. If you have no place where you can spread them, hang them on the line and beat them well. Have a good broom, not too heavy, for the carpets. Sweep in one direction only, taking short strokes. Take up the dirt with a dustpan and corn broom. When the dust settles, go over the carpet once more, having first freed your broom of all lint, thread, etc. When the dust has again settled, dust the room with a soft cloth.

Put three quarts of warm water and three tablespoonfuls of household ammonia in a pail. Wring a clean piece of old flannel out of this, and wipe every part of the carpet, wringing the cloth as it becomes soiled. Now wash the windows, and wipe off any marks there may be on the paint. Remove the coverings from the pictures and furniture, being careful not to scatter the dust. Bring back the rugs and hangings, and arrange them.

Finally, put the furniture and ornaments in place. If one has proper covers for the pictures and heavy pieces of furniture in the room, a great amount of trouble can be saved on the sweeping day. Buy cheap print cloth for the furniture. Have three breadths in the cover, and have it 3½ yards long. It should be hemmed, and the work can be done quickly on a sewing machine. I find six cloths a convenient number, although we do not always need so many.

FLOWERS ON THE TABLE.

After the linen is pronounced nice, and the little table appointments are in order, then, dear mother or sweet elder sister, do let us have flowers. Nothing is so productive of a good appetite as fresh flowers, wild ones especially, with the cool green leaves. Do not despair if you have but one or two to spare out of a scanty window garden. Put those in a slender vase rising out of your fruit dish filled with rosy apples; or lay them as a *boutonniere* before father, mother, or Tommy who is just down stairs after a siege of sore throat. If you live in the country you can always get the beautiful clusters of pine, or of other evergreen. For the home table, more than for any other use, we would counsel the keeping of flowers through the winter in our sitting-rooms. They are certainly lovely in our windows, giving brightness and beauty to all without as well as within; for the home table they are more than lovely they shed a Christian influence over every thought and act.

One thing do remember, to have your home every-day table just as attractive as the one to which you invite your honored guest. It pays to exert one's self for one's family. They never lose sight of it. Ten to one if the honored guest, tired with social courtesies, will not forget you in a day, or only remember your little affair as a debt to be paid back some time. We do not underestimate the duty of hospitality—Christ enjoined it upon us—but we do think we are more likely to err in the lack of the courtesy toward our own households. Be hospitable to them, we pray—thereby some of you may entertain angels unawares,

And next sweet duty, O dear brother or sister of the household of Christ, do invite lovingly to your happy home table those who are sorry, who are struggling, who are desolate. Brighten life enough for them to see that God is in it, and help them to be willing to arise and struggle on. Let them see that one family believes in them; is sorry for them, loves them. You will enjoy it with them; you cannot help it. You are made in the image of Christ, and nothing can prevent you from feeling His blessing thrill your lives. Eat together, as Christians should, in all love and unity. —*Christian at Work.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

FRUIT TAPIOCA.—Wash half a cup of tapioca, put it into a double boiler with a pint of water, and cook until the grains are soft and transparent. If granulated tapioca is used, one hour is sufficient time. Then add to it half a cup of grape or currant jelly, and mix until the jelly is dissolved; turn it into a pudding dish. Serve cold, with sugar and cream.

RHUBARB CHARLOTTE.—Cut stalks of rubarb until you have a quart measure full. Then cook with just enough water to cover until very tender. Add sugar to taste, from two to three cupfuls, a scant tablespoonful of butter and the grated peel of a lemon. Then add the well beaten whites of two eggs. Pour into a glass dish, cover with whipped cream and eat ice cold.

RHUBARB PUDDING WITH MERINGUE.—One quart of milk, one cupful of stale cake crumbs, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, saltspoonful of salt. Mix crumbs, salt and sugar together, then add the milk and well beaten yolks. Mix well and bake. It should be done in about three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Then take from the oven, cover first with sweetened stewed rhubarb, second with a meringue made from the beaten whites of the eggs and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Return to the oven for five minutes. Eat hot or cold.

SOUR MILK MOLASSES CAKE.—One-half cupful of sour milk, one-half cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of lard or butter, one teaspoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one-half cupful of raisins seeded, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half dessertspoonful of soda. Heat sugar, butter, molasses and spices together till lukewarm, beat for ten minutes, then add the sour milk in which the soda has been dissolved, then the flour, last the eggs. Bake in a broad, shallow pan.

THE ANT'S SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

You have heard of the suspension bridges made by men. Now let me tell you of a curious one made by some of the smallest creatures that live.

Men use wire ropes, very strong; but here are the driver ants of Africa, so small that you can hardly see them. Yet they do wonderful work at making bridges without any rope.

This is the way they go about it. One of the largest ants takes hold of the branch of a tree with its fore-legs, letting its body hang. Another climbs down over the first one, and clings to his hind-legs, letting his own body hang down. Thus they keep on until these bright little fellows form a chain.

Then away they go, swinging until the end ant can get hold of something, usually some tree or shrub,—and the bridge is done!

A regiment of ants go over this live suspension bridge. When all are well over, the ant on the first tree lets go the branch, and climbs over the string. The next one follows this example, and pretty soon they all take their places at the rear end of the marching company. These ants have big heads, and they must have a good deal of brain to help them.—*Mrs. G. Hall.*

MASTER BARTLEMY OR THE THANKFUL HEART.

By Frances E. Crompton, Author of 'Friday's Child.'

II.

The squire was a very shy man. The Throgmortons of Forest Morton had always been slow to come forward in any respect, and the squire was additionally characterized by that passive acquiescence which often distinguishes an old and almost worn-out family. There was no older name in the county, and none that had been longer established in one spot than Throgmorton of Forest Morton; but, at the same time, there was no old name less celebrated, and no house less interesting. The hall was almost as ugly as man could make it, having been rebuilt by the squire's grandfather in a style more to be remarked for solidity than beauty. A square house of dark-red brick, a roof almost flat disguised by a heavy stone balustrade, and rows of windows of praiseworthy equality; in front, a paddock dotted with thorn-trees, and a straight drive between hurdles; on one side of the house, the gardens, on the other, the only remnant of the older Hall, the group of great elms where the rooks lived. The interior of the house was plain, and heavy, and dull, for there had never been much romance, never much talent, in the family,—a family at no time more (old as it was) than a line of simple country squires, who had been born in Forest Morton, and had quietly lived there from one sleepy year to another, until they had as quietly died, and there been buried. The squire was a silent man from personal habit, and shy, with an hereditary shyness that nothing had ever been able to overcome. The habit of silence—if habit it were—had doubtless grown upon him, but it had been a habit even when his wife was alive. Aunt Norreys had said to her at times, 'But, my dear Margaret, does John Throgmorton never talk to you?' And when she came to think of it, the squire's wife had not been able to say that he did; and yet there never could have been a more perfect understanding than that which existed between them.

The squire had married his second cousin, against the wishes of her guardian aunt,—for, properly speaking, Aunt Norreys was Miss Nancy's great-aunt. She used to say, 'Why Margaret married him, I never could tell. If she must have married a relation at all, why could it not have been one of the Lester Norreys? Of course I have nothing at all to say against John Throgmorton, for he is really a very good sort of man, but it was quite incomprehensible, quite incomprehensible, my dear.'

But Miss Margaret had married him, and the most incomprehensible part of all was that she had never rued it. Perhaps she had found more in John Throgmorton than did the world in general, perhaps she even had found in him all she had need to seek on earth. She had married him, and had come to the Hall to be the light of the house for a brief half-dozen years,—and then died. So the squire and Miss Nancy were left alone, to walk through the fields, and drive down the lanes, and sit in the square pew at church, in forlorn companionship,—the big, silent squire, with his brown cheeks and bushy beard, and his little daughter, with her mother's dark eyes and refined moulding, but too much like the squire in feature to have any pretensions to beauty. The squire and Miss Nancy had learnt at this time to be a great deal to each other, and indeed the latter had never felt that she required more company than dear daddy could give her; but her view was necessarily a limited one, and as usually happens in such cases, to add to a loss which nothing in this world could ever repair to him, the poor squire found himself plunged into innumerable difficulties with his household. So Aunt Norreys came to the rescue, and remained for compassion's sake and tranquillity returned to the Hall. With Aunt Norreys and the dove of peace came Trimmer, neither maid nor companion, and a person whose severe aspect involuntarily, if unreasonably, suggested to the mind the old term 'waiting-woman.' And Trimmer coming into contact with Miss Nancy's nurse-maids found herself quite unable to agree with any one of them, and so differed materially with three in succession; at which point, for the sake of a quiet life, which Aunt Norreys loved above everything, she was permitted to ascend undisputed to the throne of authority, whence she governed Miss Nancy with a wholesome if rather severe rule.

The only remnant of the lawless old days spent with daddy consisted in an occasional escape from Trimmer, and a flying excursion in his company. The squire, as Aunt Norreys was fain to admit, was an easy man to live with, but he still preserved this reprehensible habit of coaxing Miss Nancy to go out with him on every possible occasion. No one could ever see that he took the least notice of her when he had succeeded; but if the squire and Miss Nancy were satisfied, that side of the question could concern no one else. The side which concerned Aunt Norreys and Trimmer took the form of those hurried retreats when the young lady had been caught in storms several miles from home, and, like Caroline in Miss Nancy's 'Looking-Glass for the Mind,' had been compelled to return home 'in a most disastrous condition.' But it was in vain that Trimmer appealed to Aunt Norreys, and Aunt Norreys remonstrated with the squire; he never by any chance entered into argument, and only turned a deaf ear upon them. Perhaps, indeed, there was something about little Miss Nancy's society which dimly recalled to the squire that of her dead mother; but whether it were so or not, he never said. Miss Nancy herself had a faint memory of her mother; she thought at times that home had seemed more when she was quite little than it had ever done since, and she believed that it was because mother was there. But she died, and it was to be supposed that it made all the difference. Miss Nancy could remember that day, when, very early in the morning, Mrs. Plummett came and took her out of bed, and carried her, wrapped in a shawl, to mother's room, Miss Nancy bewildered and half asleep, and Mrs. Plummett with an awed look on her comfortable face.

Dear daddy sat very near to the bed, and Miss Nancy sat on his knee, and mother held both their hands between her failing fingers, but did not speak, for she was speechless then, and only half conscious. So Miss Nancy was laid down for a moment to receive mother's strange, faint kiss, and then Mrs. Plummett carried her away; and Mrs. Throgmorton looked after her, and turned her dying eyes again to the squire.

And when day came, the nurse-maid said that mother was dead. But this Miss Nancy had not been able to fully comprehend, nor had she comprehended the strange silence and desolation of the days that followed. It was certainly not that she suffered then or afterwards an hour's neglect at the hands of any member of the household; it was rather from feeling a lack of something that she was sure she had had once, but had not then, and—alas, poor little Miss Nancy!—never would have again in all her life; that she dimly understood that she had sustained a great misfortune.

And Miss Nancy had also a vague belief that it was after this that dear daddy began to be even more silent than ever he had been before.

(To be Continued.)

THE WORLD needs more of the kind of religion that won't stop going to church whenever it happens to have its feelings hurt.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE TWO MONKEYS.

A PARABLE.

'"One upon a time," that's the way stories always begin, a gentleman owned two monkeys named Puck and Jolly. These monkeys were great favorites with the master. They ran through his house and garden at will. They were always treated with the utmost kindness by the gentleman and his servants. At one time the gentleman proposed to take a journey. He called the monkeys to him and said: "I am going away. You can play as usual, but mind you, there is one thing you must not play with, or you will be burned; I mean the matches."

'The monkeys were happy for a few days, but finally became tired of the usual round, and thought of the matches.

'"Why do you suppose, Puck, that master forbade us this little box of sticks?"

'"Don't know.'

'"Do you remember just what he said about them?"

'"Why, if we played with them we would be burned."

'"Be burned! Surely he did not say that. It's awful, awful to be burned."

'"Well, it sounded just like that, and I kind o' think he said it."

'"You must be mistaken. Master is a great and good man, lots wiser and better than we are, and if there were other little monkeys, little wee monkeys, and they played with little sticks like these, would we burn them for that?"

'Jolly drew up her face in a dreadful grimmace. "No-o!"

'"Then the master won't burn us. He didn't mean that."

'So they snatched the box and scampered up the haystack, for after all they felt a little uneasy.

'"How does he do it," said Jolly, "when he makes it crack and blaze?"

'"Why, just this way," and Puck deliberately drew one up his hard side. "There, isn't that fun?" and Puck held out the burning thing.

'"Now let me try." So Jolly went through the same manœuvre, except that she held the match until it burnt her fingers. "My, but that hurts!"

'"Don't hold it so long! Just throw it away before it reaches your hand."

'So she did. Match after match was struck and tossed heedlessly over the sides of the stack.

'But my, what's that? A great wave of fire rises before them. "Run back! No, that is worse." They had lighted the whole stack. With screams of fear and pain they rushed headlong through the fire.

'Tis said the monkeys recovered, but ever after understood what the master meant by being burned.

'As it is the nature of fire to harm, so it is the nature of sin to destroy.'—*Zion's Herald.*

THOUGHTFUL COWS.

A gentleman says that one morning, when it was very hot and sultry, two cows came up to the farm-yard gate.

They seemed to be looking for something, and their pleading eyes attracted the gentleman's attention. He was puzzled to know why they stood there, but bethought himself that they might be in want of water.

He called to his chore-boy to bring a pail of water. When it was lifted up to them, their eagerness was so great that they forgot their manners, and it was evident that another chore-boy must be called into service.

One pail of water did not suffice, and when they had allayed their thirst they quietly walked away.

In about a half hour, what was the gentleman's surprise to see these two cows walking up to the gate, bringing three other cows with them.

The newcomers were served liberally, and then with gratified and repeated moo-oos they slowly marched off. It was a unanimous vote of thanks.

The gentleman said: 'It seems quite clear that the first two callers, pleased with their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossips and dairy companions, and had informed them—how, I cannot say—of their liberal entertainment, and then had taken the pardonable liberty of inviting them up to our gates.'

THE LATE REV. JOHN L. NEVIUS, D.D.

THE REV. JOHN L. NEVIUS, D.D.

BY REV. GILBERT REID, WARSAW, N. Y.

On the death of the well-known and revered missionary, Dr. John L. Nevius, it may be profitable for his fellow-workers to pause for a moment and recount briefly the work which he has done. The worth of his work demands more than a passing reference. Though only in his sixty-seventh year, he was numbered among the veterans for the unusual amount of his missionary experience. He was drawing nigh to the round number of forty years in the missionary service, when he bowed his head as he sat talking in his study at his home in Chefoo, and yielded up his spirit to God who gave it. A gentle passing away, like a calm breath of a summer's breeze—a falling asleep.

Dr. Nevius is first to be remembered for his work in a literary line. One of the most popular and concisely comprehensive books on China was one which he wrote early in his career, called 'China and the Chinese,' first published by the Harpers, and now issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. In Chinese the leading treatise on theology was prepared when he was a young missionary at Ningpo, and lacked only the latter topics of systematic theology—a deficiency which he hoped to meet before he closed his labors. Another book in Chinese on 'Entrance to Truth' had been used for many years not only by the Presbyterian Mission, but also by the missionaries of other societies, in the initiative rudimentary stages of Christian instruction. A very valuable pamphlet in English on 'Methods of Mission Work' has been carefully studied for its fair-minded and broad-minded investigations, based on thorough experience. Already we understand that parts of this are to be re-issued by the Board of Foreign Missions as a guide, or at least a suggestion, to other fields of our Church. One of the last results of his study was a book on 'Demoniacal Possession,' which, we understand, will soon be published; and which, we know, will present the most complete and careful examinations of this very difficult problem. Other literary efforts attest his ability; and we only regret that he could not live to complete the work, so dear to his heart, of aiding in the revision of the Mandarin version of the Scriptures. No sentence of his, either in Chinese or English, was penned without thought, and every thought was actuated by a strong desire to be fair and true.

Secondly, let us notice his work as a Christian instructor. This he was rather than an educationalist. The Bible was his text-book, and none of his teaching was secular. If he taught theology—and as such he was without a peer—it was always a biblical theology. Both in the Ningpo and Shantung missions he was frequently appointed to train men for the ministry; and many of our best native pastors rejoice to call him 'teacher.' When in late years he found himself surrounded by a growing evangelistic work, he set apart the summer and winter months to special instruction, either of leading inquirers or of his chosen class-leaders. I remember, during my first summer in China, as a guest at his home, the large number of callers from among the foreign residents, some of whom were 'men of the world,' who came to see his class, and went away to praise it and so commend the whole missionary undertaking. This teaching idea he carried into all of his evangelistic efforts, and every station of Christian communicants and inquirers was a Sunday-school, with every one a teacher and every one a scholar. He emphasized the words in the Master's final commission, 'teaching them Christ.' This idea, clear and simple though it be, has been made such by Dr. Nevius more than by any other man.

In connection with this we note now his evangelistic work. By the providence of God he was led into a section of the country fruitful of conversions, nearly a week's journey from his home at Chefoo. Hence his evangelism took the form of 'country itinerations.' During this period he was generally absent from home half of the year, more often in the spring and autumn months, but twice, at least, during the cold winter days, stopping at chilly Chinese inns, or riding from station to station of poor country Christians with the thermometer near to zero. It is impossible to outline this work, so carefully unfolded in his 'Methods of Mission Work.' Its chief feature was the effort to utilize every native, and then establish a church without the support of foreign funds. It was self-development and self-support, but always under the guidance of the Spirit, and by a study of the Bible. That work was practically transferred to others prior to his last return to the United States, and is now managed by native pastors or other of our missionaries, centred at the station of Weihien. Dr. Nevius built on no other man's foundation; and the foundation which he laid was strong and 'in Jesus Christ.'

One of the openings to this evangelistic work came through the relief rendered in the famine of 1879 and 1880. Not that those relieved became the inquirers, but that such a display of benevolence commended the Christianity which taught it, and broke down centuries of prejudice. In this famine-relief work Dr. Nevius was especially successful in the system adopted, and one which has guided others in similar work during later years. It was a system of common sense, kind to the needy, but guarding gainst tricks, deception, and confusion. Dr. Nevius was an exegete and a theologian. He was also a level-headed man of affairs.

In this same practical line was his work of introducing foreign fruits into China. Agriculture was his recreation, but as such it was far other than mere playing. The result indicated the care, the wisdom, the patience, and the toil. Many a person has gone to view his garden in Chefoo who never cared for any other kind of missionary undertaking. In fact, this often annoyed and chagrined him, to have persons ignore all his efforts in evangelistic instruction, and compliment him as a fruit-raiser and horticulturist. Nevertheless, it shows that every faculty and knowledge can be made useful in the missionary work, not only as an amusement to one's self, but a benefit to others.

We will only notice one other feature of his work—viz., his success as an adviser and missionary speaker. We refer especially to his efforts in this country. Very few have excelled him in influencing young men o become missionaries; but never with the assertion that it was nother man's duty to be a *foreign* missionary. Any one who desires to appreciate his candor, his breadth, his fairness, his judiciousness, should read his article in the *Missionary Review* of May, 1893, on 'The Student Volunteer Movement.' We quote only one sentence: 'I have been in the United States on furlough three times, and paid many visits to theological seminaries, with a view to gaining recruits for foreign missions, but have never dared to use the least pressure in urging a student to be a missionary. As one who was led through him, first to think of the claims of foreign missions, and then to decide to go as a missionary to China, I can testify to the truthfulness of this attitude of his. How helpful were his conferences with the students! How sympathetic his suggestions to the perplexed mind! And this same quality remained with him in China, where all missionaries were glad to consult him If he had only been stronger physically, no better man could have been found to take the place of Dr. Arthur Mitchell as Secretary of the Board. But, alas! both of them are gone; and all through life we shall miss them, rejoicing only because we are not of those 'who have no hope,' trying to reverence their names by following more their fine Christian spirit.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.

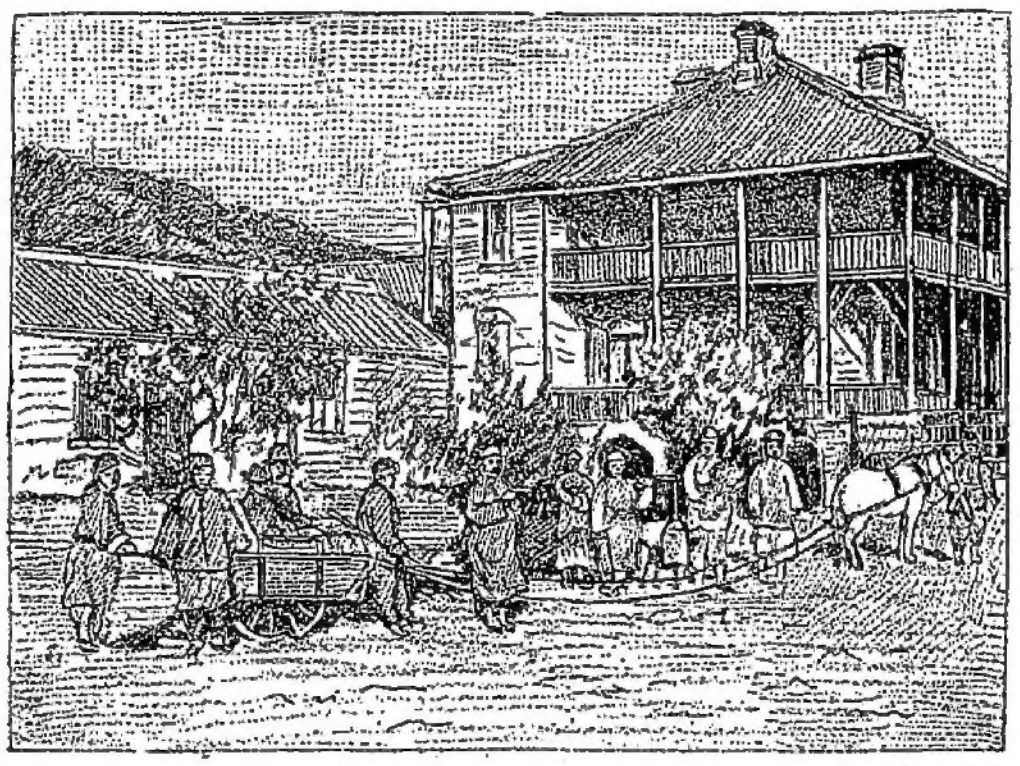
We have a great deal to say in our literature about the confidence that should exist between a mother and her daughter, but we ignore altogether too much the frankness that should exist between a father and son, writes Edward W. Bok in "At Home with the Editor" in the June *Ladies' Home Journal.* It is not right to expect that our girls shall bear the whole burden of moral responsibility. Our boys must be taught that the world expects uprightness in a man just as much as it looks for it in a woman. If the men of to-day are protected by an unfair moral discrimination, that is no reason why the men of to-morrow should be so sheltered. If it is for women to elevate their conception of the moral standard for men, it is for the young men of to-day to adjust themselves to that higher measurement. A healthy frankness between the boys of to-day and their fathers is the first step. This is a man's part in the aim for social purity. Women must cease their blinking at actions in men which they will not tolerate in women; men, to whom experience has come, must unfold to the younger men. It is a favor to a boy that his feelings shall be analyzed for him by his father; that he be taught that his self-control, or his loss of it, means an ascent or a descent in the social scale. There is no harm in a father pointing out these things to his son; the harm comes when the father neglects to do so. A young man should never be expected in any point of morality to experience what his father can explain and warn him against.

THE SHOEMAKER'S BOOKS.

One or the most valuable and best-used collections of books that I ever saw was habitually kept in one drawer of a little shoe-shop in a small country village, for the use of the proprietor of the establishment. They were chiefly botanical works, and included especially those relating to ferns, mosses, and lichens,—what are called cryptogamous plants,—on which the shoemaker was a high authority. Some of these books were in Latin, some in German; for their owner had taught himself both languages in order to learn about his beloved plants. Many a time I have carried in a wild flower for him to identify, and have sat in the little shop while he pulled out his books, put on his spectacles, and perhaps, while analyzing the flower, stopped two or three times to sell a little girl a pair of India rubbers, or show a teamster an assortment of cowhide boots. I do not think that Dr. Asa Gray, in his great herbarium at the Havard University Botanical Garden, ever enjoyed his scientific work more thoroughly, or gave a finer instance of the real love of science, than my friend the late Charles Frost, the shoemaker of Brattleborough, Vt. From plants he went on to study insects, from insects to

IV. The blessing of the prophetess (vs. 36-38).—*Peloubet's Select Notes.*

MEMORANDUM.—To have no quarrel with anyone but yourself.



Dr. Nevius in a Chinese Wheelbarrow Before his Residence at Chefoo, China.

MADGE.

A TRUE STORY.

Good-morning, my dear Mrs. Cummings! Oh, my, doesn't she blush beautifully, Nell, and doesn't she look sweet in her new gown, and aren't we the happiest little persons in the world!' And then the pretty blushing bride was rapturously kissed and embraced by the two blithesome girls who had invaded her little realm.

With pardonable pride the object of this demonstration led the way through the charming hall, past the dainty parlor out into the cosy little sitting-room.

'You might just as well ask us to take off our wraps, and reconcile yourself to the inevitable, Madame Madge, for we're come to stay all morning and take dinner with you,' rattled on the lively speaker, as she tossed her coat and hat over on the lounge. 'We've let you alone for a whole week and we think that is doing nobly, so now we've come to hear about the trip, see the lovely house and all the presents which we couldn't look at that night because we couldn't keep our eyes off the bride, could we, Nell?'

So over the new home they were led, into all the pretty, dainty rooms, filled with thoughtful, loving gifts, their girlish tongues flying like their eyes from one object of admiration to another, until they sank exhausted upon the big fur rug in the cheery sitting-room, offending Dom Pedro, the cat, by their encroachment upon his rights.

Mrs. Madge buried her face in his soft, white fur, as he tried to tell her of his insults, then extended a hand to each of the laughing, breathless maidens.

'Come girls, I have not finished yet! You have not seen my pride—my delight—my big, sunny kitchen.'

'Of course we want to see the "pride of the realm," but I warn you now, Madge, I shall be perfectly dumb; there isn't the ghost of an adjective left!' And out they trooped to the kitchen, where they were received with a broad smile by the old black woman who was hovering over the new, shiny stove.

'Girls, this is Aunt Rachel, mamma's old cook; the best in the land, as you'll find out by and by. Since she's come I haven't a desire in the world!'

'Lor! jes' heah dat chile go on now!' said the pleased old woman. 'Yoh allers was a pattin' dis yere old niggah. G'long wid yoh all, er yoh'll spile dis puddin', en dere Mistah Ed he'll say, "Oh, Aunt Rachel cayn't cook nohow!"'

Away they went with little bursts of laughter upstairs again to look at the pretty new gowns and lovely hats, and there Aunt Rachel found them an hour later, as she cautiously peered in:

'Honey, does yoh want de brandy in de sauce fur de puddin?'

'Why, yes, Aunt Rachel; don't you always put it in?' Madame Madge asked in surprise. 'Ole mis' us'ter, but yer Aunt Nan she neber 'lowed me ter, en I reckoned I'd better come ax yer.'

'Fix it just as you want to, Aunt Rachel,' was the careless reply. 'I know it will be good,' and she turned back to her guests. 'Oh, girls,' and a little blush rose in her cheeks, 'I didn't tell you, did I, that Bob Deming sent us——'

'Bob Deming!' came the simultaneous outcry, 'Oh, Madge!'

'Well, he did; and I wish you could have seen Ed's face! the dearest, prettiest little wine set. Oh, it's lovely! I'm wild to use it, and in his note, which was such a queer one, he said he hoped I would enjoy to the fullest the cup from which I was sure to drink. I suppose he meant happiness—and—there's Ed, I must go—be back'—and they heard her feet flying down the stairs.

The two girls looked at each other, then one whispered—

'Ruth, isn't it queer that Bob Deming should send them a present? You know how angry he was when Madge first met Mr. Cummings?' The other shivered a little.

'I guess I do! Ugh! I wouldn't touch his old present. I'd be afraid there was poison in it. Come, Madge is calling!'

The lively little luncheon progressed finely, while the young couple seemed to flourish under all the cruel jokes heaped upon them, and then Aunt Rachel herself, with a proud smile, brought in her triumph, the snowy pudding.

In they dipped their pretty new spoons, with merry clatter, and they did not notice that, just as the young host raised his first mouthful to his lips, he turned deadly pale and put it hastily back, while his hand trembled as he took his cup of coffee from the little waiting maid, but the loving eyes of the wife soon detected the untasted dish, though she wisely refrained from all mention of it.

All the afternoon a vague unrest and uneasiness haunted her, and she could hardly wait until supper was over, and they were alone in the little sitting room, and she could ask the husband whose eyes were so grave to-night, 'What is it, Ed?'

He did not reply at once and the cheery crackle of the fire and the purring of Dom Pedro alone broke the silence. Then he drew her up to him caressingly and the firelight flickered lovingly over the two.

At last he spoke and his voice sounded queer to Madge, who listened intently.

'Madge, little wife, you took your big husband on trust, and, please God, you shall not repent of it. But there is something that I feel to-night I must tell you which ought to have been told before. Don't tremble so, little girl; I've done nothing wrong, dear, but I feel now that I made a great mistake in keeping my secret from you. I had hoped, dear heart, never to have been obliged to tell you, but to-day I have found out that it's best to be told, else my little wife cannot help me in my time of need. Madge,' and his voice trembled in spite of him. 'Madge, my father died a drunkard. I don't mean a gutter drunkard, but a respectable, wealthy, esteemed drunkard.' You could feel the scorn in his young voice, then it grew unutterably sad. 'My brother Walter—the pride of us all—lies out in the mountains of Colorado a victim to the same curse. I have never touched a drop of the burning stuff. But, Madge—oh, my wife, that I must say it—the desire of it, the love of it, is in my veins and to-day, when the smell of the sauce crept into my senses, I knew if I but tasted it I was lost. I have felt that before, so I have avoided it in every way, and I have never yielded, for I would rather die, yes, die, with all that life holds for me now, than to fall as they did. No one here knows of the sorrow that has been mine, of the burden I have borne, save one. He knew my brother, and he knew it was an inheritance. Bob Deming, Madge, and he knew I would understand when he sent his little gift. Why, Madge!'

He looked a little hurt as she slipped from him without a word, but in a moment she was back again and in her hands he caught the glitter and heard the jingle of cut glass. He gazed at her in astonishment. He had never seen her cheeks glow so, nor her brown eyes with such a sparkle in them. The next instant he sprang to his feet in alarm. Was she crazy? Down on the broad tiled hearth went the tinkling glasses, shattered into a thousand pieces. She turned to her wondering husband and there was a smile on her quivering lips. 'So perish all the enemies of our dear home!' Then she stretched out her hands to him and the tears rolled over her cheeks. 'Oh, Ed, can you ever forgive me for putting that, that stuff before you? Oh, I didn't know, I didn't; I'm so glad you told me, my poor, poor boy!' He held her close to him.

'Then you don't despise me, Madge?

'Despise you?' came the wondering echo, 'despise you? Why, for resisting so nobly the terrible temptations that must be always around you? For fighting so steadfastly that awful inheritance—for being a victor over all? No, a thousand times no! I'm proud of my husband, my brave husband! Never Ed, never again shall a drop of it be brought into our home, and you and I together will win!'

There were happy, happy days in the weeks and months that followed, but none so precious, so hallowed, as that glorious Easter morn when the young husband and wife stood before the flower-crowned altar in the beautiful old church, and gave themselves for aye to the Lord of Hosts. It was very sweet, it was very solemn, and with a great awe Madge listened to the words:

'This is my body which is given to you: eat ye of it.'

Oh, how good God had been in letting them both come together! And she stole a loving glance at the earnest face beside her. She watched the minister as he handed the sacred emblem to the elders. Then he raised the silver tankard. She caught her breath. She saw the flowing stream, and her heart stood still. Oh, God, it was wine—wine! And she had not thought! Oh, what should she do? She understood so well now the awful taste, the terrible desire which that cruel father had bequeathed his noble sons, and she knew her husband must not taste that glowing cup! Oh, what should she do? God help her! Why did they have it there, why did they! Oh, if Jesus only knew, would He not tell them to use water, water! But the cup was coming! Her face grew strangely white, a little moan escaped her, then she rose quickly and softly left the church, followed by her alarmed husband. She had saved him that time!—and the color came slowly stealing back into the pale cheeks as she assured *him that she was 'better, much better,'* and he had no suspicion of the truth. It had not entered into his head that there had been danger for him under the sacred roof, and she rejoiced at his ignorance. She would not for the world spoil his joy at his entrance into God's house.

Yes, she had saved him this time. She could not do that again. Were they never to be able to sit down at the Lord's table together? There must come a time when—when the cup would be handed to him. Was it right? Was it what Christ would do, to put such temptation in the way? Perhaps there were others like her husband who were fighting this demon! Would God's tender hand put to their lips such a cup. No, no, no! her heart told her. God's people were not all wise; perhaps they had not thought; should she go and tell them? She shrank from the very idea. She could not go to those grave, elderly men and tell them that they did wrong! They would be angry with her—they would despise her noble husband. She could not! But they were Christian men; they were nearly all old gray-haired men, they knew much of life, they might understand, and the time was drawing very near again, and it was her husband!

And so she went to each of the surprised, astonished elders, to each she put her little query; she told her little story simply and sweetly. They all shook their heads. They could not change such a custom, it was Christ's own legacy to the church, it would cause endless talk, it had been sanctified by God, and there could be no harm in it. Two of the elders she found with the pastor in his study, and when they had listened to her one brother said:

'Daughter, you do wrong to give yourself so much uneasiness. God has said in His sacred word that no one shall be tempted above that he is able to bear. It will probably be no temptation whatever to your husband.'

And then she turned upon them, and her indignation and distress were poured out unreservedly.

Not a temptation, you think! Not a temptation, when the very blood in your veins cries out for drink! drink, when the very smell of the deadly stuff is an exquisite torture! Is not God great and omnipotent enough to bless water instead of wine? Would He not do it if He stood in your place to-day? He says, too, 'Let no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.' May God open your eyes!' And with a strangely sinking heart she left them.

The next Sabbath, communion Sabbath, dawned beautiful and bright, but young Mrs. Cummings lay in a darkened room fighting a nervous headache, the result of the worry and anxiety of the past weeks. As her husband wandered disconsolately about the rooms he was glad to see her mother and sister enter the house on their way to church.

'Madge with one of her old headaches?' said the mother, anxiously, 'Well, I'll just take off my things and stay with her. You and Jean can go right along to church. No, don't go in, please; it would only excite her, and she needs to be kept quiet. Go along, men don't know anything about headaches,' and she smilingly pushed the reluctant young fellow out of the door, and hastened to the dim room.

'Mother, where is Ed!' was the sudden question after she had received the morning kiss.

'Now, my darling, just lie quiet, and see if you can't get rid of this old headache before noon. I've sent Ed off to church with Jean.

'Oh, God!' and she buried her face in the pillow. 'Be merciful, be merciful!' She lay so quiet that her mother thought she slept, and so an hour, two, passed away. She heard her sister's voice, and her mother's, but not the other.

'Mother!' and there was agony in the tone. 'Mother, where is Ed?' came the query a second time.

The mother and sister looked quickly at each other and hesitated.

'Tell me!' And they dared not disobey. 'Don't look so, Madge! Nothing terrible has happened; it's nothing, daughter, only Ed, does not seem quite like himself. Just as soon as he came from church, he rushed off to the stable, saddled Duke, and he rode off as fast as he could. You see there's nothing happened, dearie, only it just seemed a little peculiar.' She never finished her sentence, for, with a cry they can never forget, Madge sprang from the low couch and dropped on her knees by its side. 'Oh, Father!' they heard her say, 'Father, it has come, and now wilt Thou show us thy compassion? Be merciful and give him back to me! I believe, help Thou my unbelief!' And then she told them all the sad, terrible story while they waited—for they knew not what.

Two hours later they brought him to her and laid him tenderly and carefully upon the soft couch. His horse had thrown him—he was riding furiously and recklessly, they said. 'Only the question of a few hours' was the verdict of the physician as he examined the fearful gash on the high noble forehead.

After a while his eyes opened, those tender, loving eyes, and they rested contentedly on the face he loved best in all the world. 'Madge,' he feebly held out one hand, 'dearest it's all for the best. I did not know until to-day'—she had to bend her head low to catch the faint whisper—'what a terrible fight it would be. But God knows, oh, Madge, the demon that woke within me when I tasted to-day that first drop. God knows my weakness—he is going to take me from it. Madge, I rode and rode and rode to-day, and all the time the devil within me kept saying, "You know you cannot resist long. You want it. Your father drank all his life and he was respected. Take it! Take it!" But, Madge, I did not! I did not! I couldn't take another taste, and God knows it. So he is taking me away from it all.'

But he did not. He heard, as he always does, the prayer of faith, and out in Colorado to-day there is a beautiful church, the loved and honored pastor of which carries on his broad, white forehead a heavy scar of which his people know the story. The children are not the only ones who love their pastor's wife, the tender, sympathetic woman with the beautiful dark eyes and strangely silvered hair. In that church no wine is ever used, but God has blessed with wondrous blessings the clear, pure, sparkling water which flows from the silver urn, for all may drink from out this cup.—*The Voice.*

A WOMAN'S SIGNATURE.

An important matter to teach a girl is the value of her signature. If the habit is once formed of attaching her full name to every letter she writes, with her address, it may save a great deal of trouble in future times, should her letters be lost. She should be taught the responsibility which she assumes in thus signing her name, and she is not likely to write silly and foolish letters, which she would gladly recall. She should also learn that she must not affix her name to any list of individuals, any society or any document without knowing fully what responsibility she is assuming. The matter may seem trivial, but she should give time to thought in all matters where her name is asked for, and not trust even to her dearest friend against her own judgment. Times have changed, indeed, since the days when a young girl's fondest aspiration upon quitting school was to change her name. Her whole social education tended to instruct her that her life would be a failure until she got rid of her father's name. Now she prizes it. She often keeps it in her married name to show the race she springs from. She is not in a great hurry to change it.—*Ram's Horn.*

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

(Continued.)

Now, on returning to our soap-bubbles, you may remember that I stated that the catenoid and the plane were the only figures of revolution which had no curvature, and which therefore produced no pressure. There are plenty of other surfaces which are apparently curved in all directions and yet have no curvature, and which therefore produce no pressure; but these are not figures of revolution, that is, they cannot be obtained by simply spinning a curved line about an axis. These may be produced in any quantity by making wire frames of various shapes and dipping them in soap and water. On taking them out a wonderful variety of surfaces of no curvature will be seen. One such surface is that known as the screw-surface. To produce this it is only necessary to take a piece of wire wound a few times in an open helix (commonly called spiral), and to bend the two ends so as to meet a second wire passing down the centre. The screw-surface developed by dipping this frame in soap-water is well worth seeing (Fig. 49). It is impossible to give any idea of the perfection of the form in a figure, but fortunately this is an experiment which any one can easily perform.

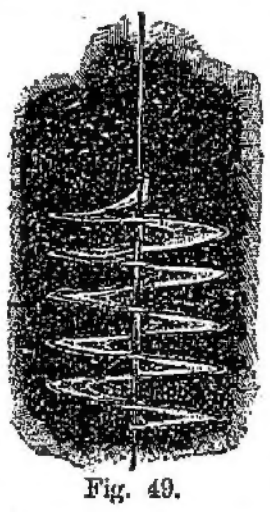


Fig. 49.

Then again, if a wire frame is made in the shape of the edges of any of the regular geometrical solids, very beautiful figures will be found upon them after they have been dipped in soap water. In the case of the triangular prism these surfaces are all flat, and at the edges where these planes meet one another there are always three meeting each other at equal angles (Fig. 50). This, owing to the fact that the frame is three-sided, is *not* surprising. After looking at this three-sided frame with three films meeting down the central line, you might expect that with a four-sided or square frame there would be four films meeting each other in a line down the middle. But it is a curious thing that it does not matter how irregular the frame may be, or how complicated a mass of froth may be, there can never be more than three films meeting in an edge, or more than four edges, or six films, meeting in a point. Moreover, the films and edges can only meet one another at equal angles. If for a moment by any accident four films do meet in the same edge, or if the angles are not exactly equal, then the form, whatever it may be, is unstable; it cannot last, but the films slide over one another and never rest until they have settled down into a position in which the conditions of stability are fulfilled. This may be illustrated by a very simple experiment which you can easily try at home, and which you can now see projected upon the screen.

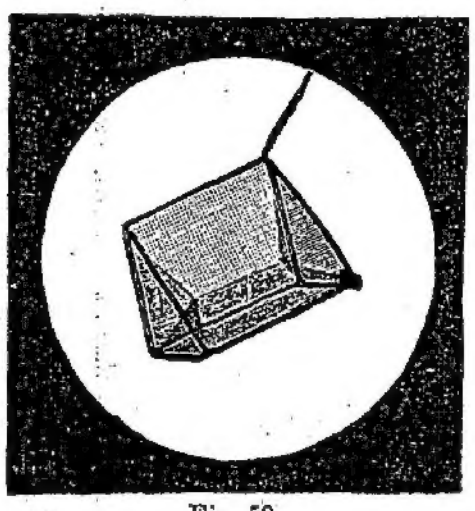


Fig. 50.

There are two pieces of window-glass about half an inch apart, which form the sides of a sort of box into which some soap and water have been poured. On blowing through a pipe which is immersed in the water, a great number of bubbles are formed between the plates. If the bubbles are all large enough to reach across from one plate to the other, you will at once see that there are nowhere more than three films meeting one another, and where they meet the angles are all equal. The curvature of the bubbles makes it difficult to see at first that the angles really are all alike, but if you only look at a very short piece close to where they meet, and so avoid being bewildered by the curvature, you will see that what I have said is true. You will also see, if you are quick, that when the bubbles are blown, sometimes four for a moment do meet, but that then the films at once slide over one another and settle down into their only possible position of rest (Fig. 51).

The air inside a bubble is generally under pressure, which is produced by its elasticity and curvature. If the bubble would let the air pass through it from one side to the other of course it would soon shut up, as it did when a ring was hung upon one, and the film within the ring was broken. But there are no holes in a bubble, and so you would expect that a gas like air could not pass through to the other side. Nevertheless it is a fact that gases can slowly get through to the other side, and in the case of certain vapors the process is far more rapid than any one would think possible.

Ether produces a vapor which is very heavy, and which also burns very easily. This vapor can get to the other side of a bubble almost at once. I shall pour a little ether upon blotting-paper in this bell jar, and fill the jar with its heavy vapor. You

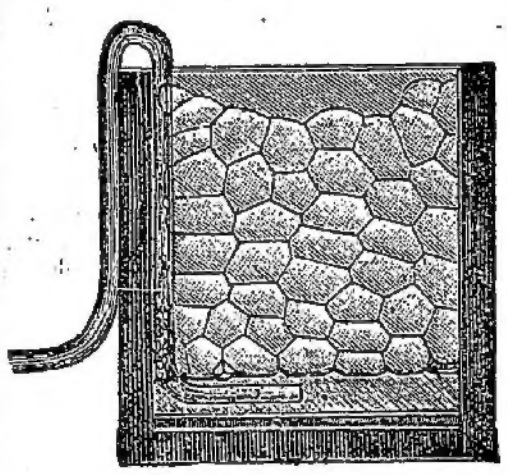


Fig. 51.

can see that the jar is filled with something, not by looking at it, for it appears empty, but by looking at its shadow on the screen. Now I tilt it gently to one side, and you see something pouring out of it, which is the vapor of ether. It is easy to show that this is heavy; it is only necessary to drop into the jar a bubble, and so soon as the bubble meets the heavy vapor it stops falling and remains floating upon the surface as a cork does upon water (Fig. 52.) Now let me test the bubble and see whether any of the vapor has passed to the inside. I pick it up out of the jar with a wire ring and carry it to a light, and at once there is a burst of flame. But this is not sufficient to show that the ether vapor has passed to the inside, because it might have condensed in sufficient quantity upon the bubble to make it inflammable. You remember that when I poured some of this vapor upon water in the first lecture, sufficient condensed to so weaken the water-skin that the frame of wire could get through to the other side. However, I can see whether this is the true explanation or not by blowing a bubble on a wide pipe, and holding it in the vapor for a moment. Now on removing it you notice that the bubble hangs like a heavy drop; it has lost the perfect roundness that it had at first, and this looks as if the vapor had found its way in, but this is made certain by bringing a light to the mouth of the tube, when the vapor, forced out by the elasticity of the bubble, catches fire and burns with a flame five or six inches long (Fig. 53). You might also have noticed that when the bubble was removed, the vapor inside it began to pass out again

Fig. 53.

and fell away in a heavy stream, but this you could only see by looking at the shadow upon the screen.

(To be Continued.)

For the MESSENGER.

HOW ROSS WENT DOWN HILL.

BY GUSSIE M. WATERMAN.

'Somebody's been marking over these capital letters at the beginning of the chapters, with a lead pencil!' cried Aunt Hope, who was hunting in the big bible for a paper she had put there. 'Did you do that, Ross?' Her keen eyes looked the little boy through and through.

'N-no 'm, I didn't,' answered Ross, boldly, though he knew very well that he did do it one Sunday when he was looking at the bible pictures.

'I couldn't say I did it!' the boy said to himself. 'If I had, she'd ha' made such a fuss, 'n like enough got father to give me a whipping! I da'snt tell her yes. I wish I hadn't told a fib; but she needn't ha' noticed them letters—they ain't hurt a bit!'

Ross felt badly, but soon forgot his sin in the fun of whittling out whip-handles for himself and Ned Stokes, his boy companion.

'You may go up to Mrs. Ford's, and get me another half pint of new milk,' said Aunt Hope to Ross, after breakfast next morning. 'I must make some doughnuts.'

Ross started off. He liked to go to Mrs. Ford's, even if he had already been there that morning after the milk for breakfast. So he took the little bright blue pitcher from Aunt Hope, put the penny inside, the big, new Nova Scotia penny with a lovely May-flower spray on one side, and so yellow and shiny that Ross thought it looked just like the old doubloon which his father had once shown him.

He jingled the pretty coin in the round pitcher as he trotted off up the street past Harvey Kempton's little variety store where glass jars of gay candies stood in the window.

'I wish this penny was mine!' thought Ross. 'I ought to buy something from Harvey when he's just started his shop, 'n he's always kinder to me than the other boys are, 'n lets me ride on his load o' lumber when he's haulin' any to town.'

Ross looked down into the wide-nosed, blue pitcher, and the yellow penny looked yellower and shinier than ever. Ross took it out and held it a while, then, just as he came to Mrs. Ford's lane, he slipped it into his jacket pocket.

'There! I stole that penny!' was his next thought, and he was just going to put it back, when Mr. Cyrus Ford came out at the back door, with his fine rod and line, ready to go salmon-fishing. Ross didn't want to be seen putting back the penny, and then it was so nice to watch Mr. Ford's doings, that when he reached the door, and Mrs. Ford came out and asked him if his mother wanted more milk, he thought that he must keep the money and make up something to tell Mrs. Ford.

'I—I guess Aunt Hope forgot the penny,' he said with very red cheeks. 'Mother wasn't down stairs, 'n Aunt Hope was in a norful hurry. I guess she'll put two in to-morrow.'

'That will be all right,' nodded Mrs. Ford.

'I'll earn a penny somehow 'n put it in to-morrow morning, 'cause I do want a cake o' maple sugar down to Harvey's, so bad!'

But the sugar didn't taste as Ross thought it would, and his face was sorry looking as he took home the milk. Mother was down stairs when he went back; but he did not care to go and talk to her as he usually did, so when she told him that he might go and play, he ran quickly away to find some of the boys with whom he was used to enjoying his Saturdays.

He could find none of them this particular morning, so he walked along the street thinking how far wrong he had gone; thinking of what mother and father and Aunt Hope would say if they knew that their only little boy had strayed so far from what was right.

'Hello!' called out jolly faced Mr. Miles. 'Is that you, Ross Grant?'

'Yes, sir. Anything you want me to do for you?'

Mr. Miles had a string of fine trout in his hand.

'Yes, indeed. I just bought these trout and I want you to take them down home for me. Mrs. Miles isn't at home, but her mother is there. Here's three pennies for you.'

Away ran Ross, well pleased to do the errand. Mr. Miles lived a mile off, and Ross liked to go down River street. there were so many boats on the blue water; it was a pleasure to watch them. Down on Salmon Island bridge he met Bob Shaw who was a year or two older than he, and not very desirable as a companion. He had wonderful news for Ross.

'There's a great, big, brown bear and two cubs over in Mac Doran's barn! He's goin' to 'xhibit 'em nights, and days too, I guess. Wouldn't you like to see 'em?'

'Yes, siree! He'd let me, wouldn't he?'

'O yes, for tenpence; no less.'

'But I haven't the money,' and Ross remembered that his parents had forbidden him to go to Mac Doran's at any time, so he couldn't ask his mother for the money.

He left Bob and hurried on, wishing for seven pennies to come into his pocket, so that he might see those wonderful animals at Doran's barn. He thought over the matter in every light as he went along.

'If I could get the money, I don't believe they'd care if I just went over there once!' he said to himself. ''cause I never saw a live bear in my life! If I only had seven more pennies!'

Mrs. Shurtleff, a white-haired, kind-hearted, old lady, came to the door when Ross reached the house and pulled the bell. She looked pleasantly down on him through her spectacles, and said in a gentle way, 'why, here's a nice little man who has been a-fishing. Want to sell your trout, don't you! What would you like to have for them? My son-in-law is so dreadful fond of trout, 'n I could surprise him so nicely. How much would you like to get, my little fellow?'

Ross's heart seemed to leap into his throat, and before he was really aware that he had spoken, he said very low, and without looking up into the kind old eyes;

'Seven-pence! But I can't—'

He was just going to tell her the truth about the fish, but she interrupted him.

'O is that all. Don't say any more about it. Of course I know you can't sell for any less, such a fine string of fish as this is. Here are the pennies, I happened to have them in my pocket.'

'But I—' began Ross.

'Do you want more for them?' asked the old lady, a little tartly.

'O no, ma'am!' faltered Ross.

'Well then, don't say any more, I'm in a hurry,' and in a moment he had taken the pennies for the trout and had turned to go away.

'I couldn't help it, she made me take 'em, 'n she just wouldn't let me tell her a thing, 'n I guess I'll keep 'em 'n go see them bears; 'n maybe some time I'll tell mother all about it. I don't think its just right, 'n what will Mr. Miles say! But I

do want to see them three bears, 'n I wonder where Mac caught 'em! I must go 'n see. Oh, dear, I wish it was all diff'rent! I ought to go right off and tell mother I know!'

So poor Ross parleyed and argued with himself until he came in sight of Doran's barn, where several men and boys were seen round the door.

'There's Bob Shaw running 'cross the field like everything! If he can go 'n see bears, I'm going! It won't make much diff'rence I guess, whether I go or not 'thout asking just for once!'

So he ran over and saw the bear and her big cubs; and listened while Mac, with much profanity, told how he had found the creatures and captured them.

Then the little boy heard some one say that it was dinner time; and he hurried homeward. As he neared the house he began to realize how far astray he had gone that day. The sight of a long, steep lane near the home grounds, quickened his conscience. There, only last winter, a boy had been killed through coming in contact with a team while coasting with several others.

'Johnnie Blair would coast down that lane spite of people's telling him 'twas dangerous,' thought Ross as he went by, 'and of course when he got going, he couldn't stop till something stopped him, 'n mother said that was like sinning, if we started on the down hill road 't was dangerous, 'n we gen'ly went clear down. Oh, I do believe I've slid way down just this forenoon. An' I can't get back without a hard time. Oh, I wish mother 'd been well 'n down stairs this morning, 'n maybe if she'd have kissed me same 's ever, I wouldn't ha' been so bad. No, 't was my own ownie fault, it was! Oh, dear! I've lied, 'n stole, 'n disobeyed, 'n I'm clear down to the foot! There's Aunt Hope 'n father, 'n mother, 'n Mr. Miles 'n the old lady 'n then there's—there's God! I thought 't wouldn't make any difference, but it does!'

Ross was crying when his mother met him in the kitchen, and he ran to her, sobbing out his miserable story in her loving arms.

'I began yes'day, mother, lying about them letters, 'n I've gone right down 'n I'm afraid I can't ever get up again!'

'You must take hold of Jesus' hand, and he will help you up again, my son.'

'I'm sure I never want to go down any more hills of sin,' said Ross tearfully.

'THANKEE, GOD.'

BY MISS HOPKINS.

Years ago, when New England families still looked upon their negro servants as 'belonging' to them, a family of high social position in Salem received a visit from the Governor of the State, a personal friend. In the midst of breakfast-table chat the Governor said suddenly, 'I surely am no dreamer of dreams, nor seer of visions, yet I have seen to-day something which my eyes could not otherwise understand. Wakening very early, I went out, as is my great pleasure on a summer's morning, for a sunrise walk. Turning back for a view of the house, I admired the grounds and shrubbery, and then my glance ran over the mansion itself, taking in its fine proportions from groundwork to roof. Just as my eye rested upon the latter, there arose through the centre of it, as though solid timber were but vapor, a tall figure, which first stood erect and clear-cut against the sky, then for a moment folded its hands, bowed its head, and again as mysteriously as it had come, sank out of sight and was gone.'

'Oh,' replied his host, 'that was our faithful old slave, Chloe, at her morning prayers. She was brought from Africa, and we cannot teach her all that the younger generations know, but by the little understanding and knowledge that are hers she is indeed towards heaven the most humble and grateful of all childlike souls. Every morning of her life she puts on, with great ceremony, a spotless fresh gown, folds a fresh muslin handkerchief white as snow across her breast, and putting her newest and brightest turban about her head, goes up to the attic, and thence through the skylight to the roof, where with only the floor of the Eternal House over her head she folds her hands, bows her head low, and courtesying reverently says, "Thankee, God." Then she comes down, lays aside her "court array," puts on her working clothes, and begins a day of tireless devotion to every good work. And this custom is altogether of her own devising and desire.'

The Governor's face grew serious as he listened, and when, on rising from the table, his host proposed setting out for a drive, he replied, 'Thank you; but if you will kindly wait for me a few moments I will first go to my room and offer to my King the thanks your poor unlearned slave has shamed me for neglecting. Never again will I shadow the bright morning of a day by the ingratitude of withholding from the Lord of light, and of every good gift, my humble tribute of thanks and praise.'—*American Messenger.*

THE FIRST PROTESTANT IN JAPAN.

A native Japanese Christian periodical recently told the story of the first Protestant Christian in Japan. This was one Murata, a military retainer of the lord of Saga, in the southern island of Kiushiu. In 1860 he went to Nagasaki by order of his chief, and one evening, as he was crossing the harbor in a boat, he picked up a book that was floating about in the water. The writing ran from side to side, 'like the crawling of crabs,' and upon sending it to one of the Dutch then settled at Nagasaki, he learned that it was the Christian Bible, then a proscribed book. Curiosity spurred him on, and he had one of his assistants learn the language of the book and translate it for him sentence by sentence. His study was continued in secret, with a few friends, after his return home. When a difficult passage was found a messenger was sent to Dr. Verbeck, a well-known missionary then in Nagasaki, for its interpretation. Murata was afterwards baptized, and his name now stands first on the roll of Protestant Christians in Japan.

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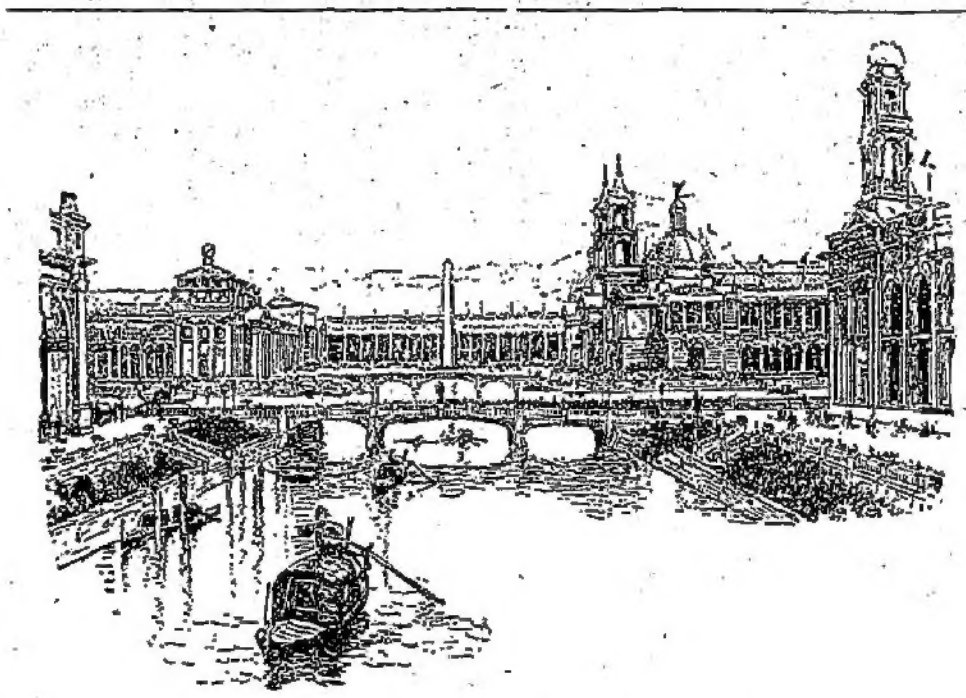

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